

DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE MILLER OF THE DEE
There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
"I envy nobody no, not I.
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'ret wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,

"Thou'ret wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the River Dee."

That turns the mill and grinds the oorn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while;

"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth thy crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!

Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

EXPLAINING "THE DUMMY RACKET"

FAKE DEAF-MUTE PHILOSO-
PHIZES, IN JAIL, ON CHECKED
EXPERIENCES OF A CROSS-CON-
TINENTAL PANHANDLING TOUR.

From the N. Y. World

Brunettes are more sympathetic and generous when approached by beggars than blondes. Young people are much more liberal, as a general thing, than older ones. Flappers will sheepishly slip you a quarter where cake-eaters will gorgeously flip you a nickel. And middle-aged men who drink are almost always good fellows. Especially if you are posing as a deaf-mute!

Nineteen-year-old George Abbot, who panhandled his way from Frisco to Broadway, pretending he was a deaf-mute, who deceived numerous policemen and hundreds of citizens, leaned his decrepit armchair against the ancient wall of the Thirly Precinct Police Station in Jersey City, as he summed up for me the things he had learned about humans.

"It's the best way to panhandle, I think," young George said, meditatively. "A fake deaf-mute will get 'em, where a gink that just depends on a hard luck story gets nothing. Of course, when I get out of this here case, I am going to work. But it was not so bad—being a deaf-mute. You know what Capt. Torpey here had not set that firecracker off under my chair that night he lugged me in, I did probably be on the racket still. But no more—get me? No more!"

Why? Why I've been in here now three or four days while they look up my record; my fingerprints and description have been broadcast all over. And I have been thinking. Sorta casting up accounts, income and outgo, and so on—just like it was a business, you know, and look—I was at it thirteen months or so, and as near as I can figure out I made about \$1,100. Only \$1,100—of course, I only worked about four or five hours a day—still, I think I could have made more had I taken a steady job, don't you? Sure, I know you would, bo!"

"How'd I come to take up deaf-muting? Well, I'll tell you," George went on, and the direct, clear blue eyes were impressive with sincerity. "I was born in Wheeing, W. Va., where all the good card sharp come from, by the way, but when I was a little dud, my folks moved to California. I was what you call well brought up—notice how I talk? But anyway a couple of years ago my father and died, and there I was, all alone save for an annt, who couldn't do much for me."

"Of course, the first thing I thought of was work. I got a job in a tile restaurant, one of a chain, you know, with chairs along the wall, and tables. I was what they call a bus boy, or anyway I tried

for days to be one. But it seems I wasn't cut out for any such job. Couldn't keep the dishes on the tray, and after I'd broken up enough to feed a regiment—well, anyway, a company—the manager fired me. But he wasn't content with that—no laid me out, and I guess I looked pretty bad. Anyway, a couple of fellows sitting near the door stopped me.

"They motioned me to sit down, and though the manager was looking at me, I did. They handed me a lot of sorrowful salve, and then told me they were going to help me out. Well, they were professional deaf-mutes, do you see? And they told me all I had to do was to get some cards—postcards with pictures—and some envelopes with this printing, 'I am deaf and dumb, and working my way through school. Whatever you care to give is the price of these cards.' They told me where to get the cards printed, and all.

"Is it a good business?" I ask. Is there much in it—that's what I want to know. If there is, O. K."

"You've got a thin face, sorta like dummies usually have," one says. "And you look honest as a dollar. You'll make plenty. All you got to do is to watch your step—and your tongue.

"So I get the cards and start out."

"Of course, they told me a lot more. For instance, in the downtown sections of cities, it was best, they said, to work the big tile restaurants. Few cops but a lot of people was the reason. But better than—and the place to work the racket as a steady thing—was the middle-class residential neighborhoods. You see, in the rich neighborhoods the servants always meet you at the door, and servants are almost never generous.

"But I was telling about flappers being more generous than cake-eaters. I found that to be true right along. Many's the time I saw young working girls come out of the soda shops, where they had lunched, and on giving them an envelope, have them walk quickly past—only to turn around, come back and hurriedly give me a dime, sometimes a quarter. I remember one day in Chi, when a flapper and her beau went by. I managed to slip her an envelope. She looked at me and I heard her whisper to her companion to help me. He glared at me, muttered, 'He is probably a faker,' and refused. She opened her own purse—I saw only a few coins in it—and gave me ten cents. They went away arguing, the girl near tears.

"And about blondes and brunettes? I kind a took a census as I went along—and the blonde beauties always seemed more heartless to me. I noticed, too, that if there was a blonde and a brunette together, it was, nine times out of ten, the darker one who forked over a coin. Then there'd be the usual talk about whether I was really deaf and dumb, with the blonde usually on the losing side for me!"

"It was as difficult as you think—this being a deaf-mute. The first two weeks I got trapped two or three times. The 'pros' had warned me that a favorite trick with prospects was for them to call to you suddenly after you had been turned away. You know how, when any one calls you, unless your mind is on not turning around, you'll unconsciously make some little move, or maybe turn full around. I remember once, when I stopped at a door in an apartment house, a particularly crochety old gent opened it. The door flew open so swiftly, I almost talked. The old gent denounced and drove me away. He slammed the door, and I went on downstairs. Then, all of a sudden, and seemingly right behind me, I heard someone say, 'Hey, you, you ain't no more deaf than I am! Look out, I'm going to soak you.' You bet I ran for my life. I looked back when I got to a safe distance—and there was the old gent shaking with laughter!"

"Another time I was going through an apartment. I thumped on a door and a pretty blonde young woman opened it. Gravely I handed an envelope, and went through

my stuff. Another girl, evidently a sister, came up and the two looked at me. 'He is not deaf and dumb,' says one. 'I'll wager he doesn't know the sign language.' 'Do you?' asks the other. 'No, but George does—walt I'll get him,' was the reply. That sign language thing beat me time and again—you see, lots of folks must have thought that I ought to know it, seeing as I said I was working my way through school! But I never thought of that angle of the thing till I got in the jug here."

"How'd I get caught? Well, that was funny. Often cops had stopped me, one place or another, Chil, Pittsbusch, Canton, O-ho-ho, and so on. And always I had succeeded in persuading them I was really dumb and deaf.

"I had got a pretty good start in the big town—New York—to. Came in on an excursion train from Pittsburgh—yep, paid my way, and naturally drifted down to the Bowery, because I'd heard a lot about it. Soon, I found a flop house, and there runs across the same couple of ginks that had first started me in the game—don't know what their racket was—and they got some more envelopes printed for me, no questions asked.

"So I went out to the Bronx and did pretty well, played a few days' stand in Long Island City—and then over to Jersey City. I was there Christmas Day, by the way, and I sure was disappointed. You'd think people would be more generous at Christmas time. But I didn't find it so. Just think! day before Santa Claus came I worked eight hours, and only made four dollars!"

"Then Captain John Torpey taps me on the shoulder, and accuses me of being a sneak thief—seems there had been some bloop about the town who presented cards like mine, and while the prospect read, snatched her purse. I stood up through all the questions, writing down on my pad all about how I had been deaf and dumb since babyhood, and so on, but I saw the Captain wasn't convinced. So he puts me in an automobile, and on the way to the station house, stops the car and suddenly orders me into the front seat. Did I start as though I heard? He says I did anyway, though I doubt it. 'Well, down in the station house, I had a time! They dropped revolvers behind me, blew police whistles in my ear, and squealed down the back of my neck. But I got by pretty well. I wrote on my pad that the whistles and squeals hurt my ears, even if I couldn't hear. And some of the cops begin to look sorry and believing."

"But then this Capt. Torpey—he's a shrewd bird—lit a six-inch cannon cracker under my chair. And say, bo, I jumped and swore pretty—and the jig was up!"

Where They Came From.

Madder came from the East. Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The onion originated in Egypt. The gourd is an Eastern plant.

The nettle is a native of Europe. The criton is a native of Greece. Oats originated in North Africa. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came originally from Siberia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia.

The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The sunflower was brought from Peru.

The mulberry-tree originated in Persia.

The walnut and peach came from Persia.

The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies.

The quince came from Crete.

Horseradish is from southern Europe.

The radish is a native of China and Japan.

Peas are of Egyptian origin.

—American Primary Teacher.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armada Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS.

No sooner had your readers here received your last week's issue when they besieged the writer with such queries as: "Have you quit? What's wrong with your news? Did you send in your budget last week? etc." They all got the same answer. "I sent in my budget as usually but don't know why they were not in." This shows their interest in your paper.

Messrs. Norman Gleadow and Carl Harris, of Hamilton, came down to this city on May 14th, and remained until the following evening of guests of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Forrester. On Sunday Mr. Gleadow took the pulpit at our church and gave a very openly discussed address on the telling force of patience, declaring that our blessed Saviour's great patience throughout His life in this world was the greatest thing to emulate. Miss Beulah Wilson rendered, "Saviour More than Life to Me."

Our Ladies' Aid Society are holding a garden party and strawberry festival at Hanlan's Point, on the Island, on June 25th. Tickets 25 cents, everybody welcome.

We are pleased to say that Miss Frederica Wheeler, who has been a patient at Rusholme Road hospital for the past month, is now home again and convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Thomas, of Oakville, were guests of their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. James DeLong, over the weekend of May 14th, and were smiling as usual at our Sunday service.

Owing to illness, Mr. William Hazlitt was unable to go to Kitchener for the service on May 15th, so Mr. J. R. Byrne filled the gap, while Harry E. Grooms acted as Superintendent at our church in Mr. Byrne's absence.

Mr. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, was at our service on May 15th, and left next day for his former home in Raglan.

Mr. Walter Bell was up from Oshawa for the week-end of May 14th, to see his family and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones and Mr. John C. Zimmerman, of Palgrave, motored down on Mother's Day, to see their father and old friends.

Mr. W. J. Baird, of Beeton, accompanied them on their trip.

An unusual and interesting family of five has come and are domiciled at our parish house. They are the playmates of the little children. Don't worry it is just a family of jet black kittens, and when there is a crowd at church, "Tabby" proudly strolls about, followed by little family.

Mrs. Fanny Boughton left on May 18th, for Cornwall, where she intends spending a couple of months with her married daughter.

While out horseback riding as an exercise on the Lack Shore Boulevard on May 15th, Mr. James Tate, father of our Jimmie Tate, was thrown from his steed and had his shoulder badly injured. He was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and later to his home at 88 Quebec Avenue, where he is now resting comfortably and improving.

Revenge is sweet. Only a couple of weeks ago, Miss Beulah Wilson gave her sister, Mrs. Silas Baskerville, a surprise birthday party, and to get even Mrs. Baskerville retaliated in the very same way on May 17th. This time the affair came off in the Bridgen-Nasmith Hall of our church, and the spacious recreation room, which is very handy for such social affairs, was rollicking with pleasure through that evening, with a happy gesticulating throng of about forty, who kept up the fun until midnight and before retiring all repaired to the basement where a all partook of a sumptuous spread in banquet like style. The day was also the natal day of both Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt.

Miss Norma Smith has gone to Detroit for a visit with relatives.

Death came with startling suddenness to the beloved father of Miss Jessie Dewar the other day. The deceased went to Toronto to consult a specialist and while being examined, toppled over and breathed his last.

His remains were brought here for burial. Heart failure was the cause of his death. To the bereaved widow and family, we extend deepest sympathy.

Mr. T. Herbert Brown, with his sister, Miss Ladella Brown, and her friend, Mr. Archie McKaig, of Markdale, motored up to this city the other day on a shopping and visiting errand. We were so glad to find Herbert looking so well and says he likes the farm.

Mr. Robert McMaster, of Wiarton, was in to see his many friends here recently, who extended to him the fraternal hand. He said he and wife would be around again ere long.

Why does not Toronto send up a speaker from their church and conduct

The Misses Annie and Bella Mathison arrived home from California on May 15th, and we were so glad to see them back again looking so well after their six months sojourn in the West and on the Pacific Coast.

A special meeting, of the Board of Trustees, of our church was held on May 18th, to change any of the by-laws that pertains to our church to correspond with constitutional laws of the United Church of Canada.

The word "Evangelical" will be dropped and our church hereafter will be known as the "First Church of the Deaf of the United Church of Canada."

Only a few minor other changes were suggested, but stand at present, pending the approval of the church members.

Messrs. Eddie Fishbein and George Moore motored down to Hamilton on May 7th, to look up old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher motored down to Woodstock on May 14th, and after calling on friends, returned in the evening with Mr. Charles Ryan to attend the meeting of our Athletic Association.

In the death of the beloved father of Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., we

dearly lost a well-known and good friend, who was always attentive to them whenever they called to see him.

By the will of the late Miss Edith Clarke, sister of Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, who died a few weeks ago, Miss Ruth Byrne comes in for a good share of the estate, but is not to be had until Ruth attains her twenty-first birthday. She is now blooming in her tenth summer.

Little Dwight, the youngest of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Ford is in the Sick Children's Hospital undergoing treatment for tonsils.

The annual pic-nic of the Bridgen Club may be held on June 18th, but the place and other information will be announced later.

LONG BRANCH LOCALS.

The age-old stork fluttered around here on April 19th, and left at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timpson a cooing little baby boy, who will respond to the call of Charles Edwin Timpson in the years to come. The proud parents now have three sons. Congratulations.

One day recently, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Timpson and children and Roy Baker, motored out to Raglan and spent the day with relatives and old friends. Mrs. McLaren remained out there for a short visit.

While there the whole bunch called on Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and Geo. S. McLaren, and had a nice time.

Surviving Mr. Gould are his widow, formerly Miss Dolenia Murray, whom he married fifty-five years ago; five sons, Melvin and George, of Detroit; and William,

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whene'er wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-bounding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

SFLF ANALYSIS TEST OFFERED TO MOTORISTS

DRIVER ADVISED TO EXAMINE HIMSELF WITH FOLLOWING SERIES OF QUESTIONS TO DETERMINE HIS EFFICIENCY

By H. Clifford Brokaw

Perhaps motor accidents would be considerably reduced if car owners would consult a good psychoanalyst before taking their machines out on public highways. They may have complexes which need attention. Once these are removed, or at least treated, their driving efficiency might be greatly improved. At least they can give themselves a sort of self-analysis to check up on some of their tendencies.

This suggests that one reason why there are so many automobile accidents may be because motorists have not subjected themselves to a study of their own capacities as drivers. It would not take much time or trouble for his automobile owner to check up on his present situation as a driver of a car. Having found out his present status he might try out for a higher ideal.

By way of self-analysis let each motorist answer honestly for himself the following questions: Have I at any time in the past been guilty of driving a car at an excessive rate of speed?

Have I ever driven on the wrong side of the street?

Have I driven recklessly in passing children?

Or taken chances in passing another vehicle?

Failed to stop when passengers were getting off street cars?

Fooled with other occupants of the car while driving?

Failed to observe recognized automobile signals!

Failed to sound the horn, as is customary?

Started from the curb into heavy traffic without precaution?

Passed a street car on the left?

Driven through a safety zone?

Disregarded the traffic rules?

Failed to co-operate with the traffic officers?

Failed to go slowly by a school building?

Turned corners improperly?

Been reckless at a railroad crossing?

Driven a car with illegal lights?

Driven incautiously past blind corners?

Failed to look out for jay-walkers?

Parked my car in evening without lights on?

Left my car on an incline without brakes properly set?

Driven with a faulty steering gear?

Ridden without chains or non-skid tires over wet pavement?

Followed another car too closely for safety?

Entered a garage at high speed?

Driven a car I did not know how to manage safely?

Driven in a don't-give-a-rap-about-the-other-fellow attitude?

Allowed a child to catch on for a ride?

Failed to watch out for obstructions in the highway?

Neglected to exercise proper caution on curves?

Driven a car not equipped with mirror for looking back?

Driven and flirted with girls on sidewalks at same time?

Failed to give pedestrians a fair chance?

Tried to outguess the other fellow?

Slowed down at grade crossings?

Hogged more than my share of the road?

Observed the golden rule in motoring?

Here are numerous ways by which a motorist can check up on his ideals as an auto owner and

operator. Those who can get a good percentage on such a test are not very likely to be the cause of a motor accident. Such a driver can be assured that he is above the average in his automotive practices.

The person who goes through such a self-analysis process and surveys his mental resources should do it with the idea of making out and adopting a workable motoring program which will be likely to improve his automotive habits.

The motorist who checks himself up on his driving practices can always find ways whereby he can improve his methods of motoring in the future. Such a checking up can hardly fail to do some good even to the driver who thinks he is thoroughly experienced and careful.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

The following note was received from Mrs. Bess Michaels Riggs, Superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock.

Due to his physician's orders, Mr. John E. Purdum, our instructor in printing, was not able to get out the May issue of the *Arkansas Optic*. After a successful operation, Mr. Purdum is getting back in trim, but for several months thinks it best to discontinue his duties as 1. p. f. manager.

Sorry Bro. Purdum is laid low du combat, and hope time will restore him to health and strength.

SEND AN AMERICAN TEAM TO THE DEAF OLYMPIAD.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, May 19th.—(Associated Press)—"Silent Sports" are to form part of next year's Olympiad here.

Special contests have been arranged between deaf-and-dumb athletes of various countries. Five hundred deaf-mutes of ten European countries have already entered.

Events will include track and field sports, swimming, cycling, football, tennis, marksmanship and pentathlon events. Deaf-and-dumb women will compete in swimming and tennis.

German deaf-mute "turners" will give special gymnastic displays, and Premier Mussolini has granted a state subsidy to the Italian organization of "silent sportsmen."—Chicago News.

The HEARING Americans have always "cleaned up" in the world's championship Olympic track and field sports—held every four years. "We deaf Americans are as good in every way as the hearing," we say; we are going to let those deaf Europeans claim the world's champion ship without lifting a finger?

Now is our chance to gain great glory for our country—and thousands of dollars worth of free publicity in the newspapers here and abroad.

In Byouk, of Gallaudet College, and Harmsen, of North Dakota, we have a two-man track team that can win more than half of the entire track and field program at Amsterdam's "Deaf Olympics."

It should cost less than \$1000 per man.

Where is the money to come from? Easy.

There are 6000 members in the N. F. S. D.—sworn to uphold the good-name and fame of Deafdom. If the delegates at Denver will pledge their divisions to assess each man twenty-five-cents—the cost of a single cigar, who will miss it?—that is \$1500 already secured. The N. A. D. ought to appropriate at least \$250 also. Individual donations from PUBLIC-SPIRITED, WIDE-AWAKE silents should account for at least \$500 additional. I'll pledge \$5 myself—and they call me the champion tightwad of Chicago.

It is easy. AND MOST CERTAINLY WORTH WHILE?

We may even raise enough to send a third man—but he will have to be a real crackerjack. Possibly Roller, of Akron, the star diver and swimmer, who rescued several of the girls when two were drowned during the 1923 N. A. D. convention. Some one who will be a sure winner.

Who will handle the money, and arrange the details, and have the final say in the selection of the team?

Permit me to suggest "Ted" Hughes, athletic coach of Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C. Those who attended the last N. A. D. convention know what "Ted" can do when he gets going.

If you are awake to the glory this will bring us deaf as a class, write your views to Editor Hodgson. And remember "money talks." Why not talk at least \$5 worth in pledges?

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

CHICAGO, May 25, 1927.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sundays, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

Feathered Jewels on the Wing

Humming birds are Mother Nature's flying jewels, emeralds, and rubies and sapphires on the wing, and nothing dauntless in all the world of birds can be imagined. While there are hundreds of different kinds of these pretty, feathered creatures, yet in some way they all resemble one another in form and habits.

Their nests vary decidedly in style of architecture, some being tiny shallow cup-shaped affairs, and others long and deep, but in all the nests the little builders use spider's silk very extensively, taking the silk from cocoons, as may be most convenient. This they use for lining the nests, and also for binding it fast to twig or leaf, and in some cases they carefully wrap the separate pieces of the framework of the nest with the silk.

If you have ever watched a humming bird at work, you have noticed that they are seldom at rest, deftly building their nests literally on the wing, weaving, tying doing all their intricate work while their wings vibrate so fast that they are simply a blur before your eyes.

The writer was much interested in examining a nest not long ago of a hummer that had been watched for weeks by friends—human friends that guarded nest and birds and eggs from harm day after day.

When the two eggs—tiny white pearls no bigger than big peas, were hatched, when the cunning baby birds were safely launched into this world of danger, when all had departed for a warmer clime, the nest was cut down and brought in the house. It was a soft grey on the outside, carefully constructed of lichens and twigs, and lined with down and spider silk within, the shallowest, thinnest, frailest looking little bird house that could be built—and yet strong and firm, too, and serving its purpose well. This one was placed in a tree in a forked branch, but not all humming birds' nests are so built.

Some species of this lovely little bird delight in building among the low ferns, others select bushes, and still others the high trees. The nest building materials differ, too, according to the vegetation.

Twigs, lichens, rootlets, vine tendrils, threads, cotton, wool, mosses—all are used, but always you will find the silk of the spider employed to advantage in constructing, and in the lining of the bird home.

Humming birds are always glad to find the soft down of plants, and they are very expert in using anything soft and pliable that comes their way. The mango humming bird of the island of Jamaica makes a lovely nest almost entirely of the silky down of the giant cotton tree, binding it together with spider's silk, and using lichens on the outside so that the nest blends in with the bark of the tree.

The humming birds with which you are familiar, are no doubt of the short-tailed variety, but there are "humming birds that flaunt long streamer tails, giving them the impression of being fiery meteors as they dart hither and yon in their busy work. Some of the hummers have a dainty crest, like the plover-crested one for instance. The humming sound they all make when in flight is caused by the extremely rapid vibration of their wings.

The names given to the various species speak for themselves and tell much of the birds' beauty or habits.

There is the mango humming bird, already mentioned, the blue-chinned sapphire, the fiery topaz, the red-breasted hermit, the long-tailed humming bird (also just mentioned), the fawn-breasted, the ruby-throat, the black-chinned, the broad-tailed, and others.

All these names, you see, giving you some hint of the birds' form and beauty. They can design and cut jewels, engrave plates, take pictures, make photo engravings; they can build houses, paint them, and paper the walls; they can manage a fraternal order whose insurance is as safe and sound as any old line company; they meet in local social gatherings, in state associations and national conventions; they deal in real estate and promote enterprises; they act in motion pictures.

They are law-abiding people with the occasional black sheep, as is the case with the hearing, and now and then a downright mean one; they are self-respecting, independent and industrious, with an occasional pamphandler; and no one is more severe in judgment of these black sheep than the deaf themselves.

In fact the moral, intellectual, social and industrial conduct of the deaf is equal to the average of those who hear. One is constrained to say they measure above the average in morals and industry, but to claim no more than the average is sufficient and is fully within the verities. And the fine thing about it all is that they do all these things with so little ostentation, so much as a matter of course that the general public does not know it—a thing that is itself a proof that all the deaf want is a fair field and no favors.—Travis in *Silent Hoosier*.

brave in defence of their nest and babies, and will even fight big enemies to the bitter end. All birds, even these shy little hummers, respond to human kindness, and if you are near birds and do not coax them about, you are missing much that Mother Nature meant you to have of this world's happiness. The writer lived recently in Arizona, on the beautiful desert that is anything but a desert to its admirers. Here we saw only a few humming birds, but others by the dozen came several times a day to our cottage for food and drink. At breakfast time and at supper time our guests were many, often fifty or sixty at once, fearless and thankful—and most welcome. The desert sparrows came in flocks, pretty songsters with striped heads they are, but we have many woodpeckers, mocking birds, bluebird occasionally, and once in the white cardinals. Two years ago my birds were as tame as the gophers that played about my reclining chair, and every bit as curious and interested as the black-eyed gophers were of all going on. Last year I had a different cottage, not far from the first one, but it took the birds only a short time to find their old friends. Some I knew from their tameness must be friends of last year, others were certainly newcomers, but in some strange way the word went forth through all feather-land, and each day brought us new friends to enjoy, new songs to waken us to the incomparable beauty of a desert morning.—Selected.

What Can the Deaf Do?

They can play football and basketball equal to hearing people, as well as baseball and can indulge in other athletic sports than running, swimming and wrestling. And besides these they can go out into the world and make a living—and a life—as well as hearing people. They can preach, they can nurse the sick, they can sell goods and manage business, they can practice law, they can teach school, they can do office work, they can resolve materials into chemical elements; they can paint pictures and mold and chisel beautiful forms, they can write poetry, design beautiful buildings, construct public and private works, lay out and beautify grounds; they can take their places alongside the hearing mechanic with saw and hammer, trowel and hod, pick and shovel; they can set type, operate the linotype, feed presses and bind books; they can operate a loom, a drill-press or a lathe; they can sew and cook and bake, wash and iron, and keep a house in order; they can sow seed, cultivate the ground and reap the harvest, breed live stock and operate a dairy, raise fruits and flowers and vegetables; they work in factories with as much safety as hearing people and drive automobiles as safely and carefully as anybody; they can repair shoes, automobiles, furniture, watches, sewing machines; they can design and cut jewels, engrave plates, take pictures, make photo engravings; they can build houses, paint them, and paper the walls; they can manage a fraternal order whose insurance is as safe and sound as any old line company; they meet in local social gatherings, in state associations and national conventions; they deal in real estate and promote enterprises; they act in motion pictures.

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The meeting came to an end with the serving of ice cream and cake by a battery of ushers composed of the Misses Rogers, Sharp, Moore, Phillips and prospects point to a good return upon the evening's venture.

On Saturday evening, there was a birthday party given Miss Agnes Moore by her parents at their home on Adams Street, N. W.

A number of relatives and deaf friends were invited. Amongst the deaf were Misses Nora Nanney, Francis Miller, Cora Phillips, Jennie Jones, Mildred Miller, Annie Ball and Miss Richwalski from Baltimore, the Messrs. Cissel, Kleiniest, Robert Wilson, L. Tolouse, Rosenthal, Werding, Hauser and Kessler, Demarco and Felder from Baltimore. Games were played until all were called to assemble around a beautifully decorated table laden down with goodie goodies. Of course, there was a birthday cake but the number of candles on it is a secret! The company did full justice to the spread and were in a jovial mood afterwards. Dancing followed and a game, then the gifts were opened one by one and an array of gifts there were. The company wished Agnes many happy birthdays and then parted for their scattered homes.

Gratitude, of all elements, seems to be in greatest demand, yet there

Tiny as the birds are, they are

the smallest supply.

CHICAGO.

Oh, Ann McGann
Is a Vaudeville fan,
So she wore a smile on her pretty pan
Whenever she'd act. But she showed no venom.
When she tried to act as the deviled "Demon."

What an ungrateful world this is! Good deeds are born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness in the desert air. Forgotten, Ayé, ayé, brother. Those lovely ladies who were pestering me to press-puff their annual Bazaar for the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf—which turned out the most successful in history—those lovely ladies didn't even remember to thank me!

So I am off the women! Forever and ever! (Until next time, of course.)

The Sac was in its glory. Never such an excellent display of goods adorned our booths. Thanks mainly to Mrs. Morton Henry. Every Thursday afternoon since fall she has presided over the sewing bees at the Home, herself taking many pieces home to finish. Mesdames Frank and Zollinger also did much home-work for the Bazaar. Next to Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Linda Brimble led the ladies in being at the Home regularly every Thursday. So the varied and attractive display was a credit to their untiring zeal.

Mrs. Ben Frank was Grand Chairman of the Bazaar, with the following sub-chairmen to assist her: Fancy Booth, Mrs. Morton Henry; Candy Booth, Mesdames Arthur Roberts and Mark Knighthart; Remembrance Booth, Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher; Cafeteria, Mrs. M. Schuetter and Mrs. Peterson; "500", Mrs. George Sprague; Vaudeville, Mrs. William McGann.

Says Mrs. Meagher (yes; I have kicked my wife off the job as co-conductor of this column, because she blue-pencil too much of the vitriol and vinegar I wrote—but as hard-hearted Hodgson generally "forgets" to print most of the stuff Frieda objects to, there isn't much to be gained by kicking her off, so I may restore her amateur standing in due time, when she has been properly chastened.) Says Mrs. Meagher:

"Nobody deserves as much credit as the Matron and Superintendent of our Home, Mrs. Gus Hyman. We impose on her too much. She was the man behind the gun. It was she who had to order victuals for the cafeteria; and she had to help serve meals, as it is hard to get helpers. The girls have become expert dodgers. They can dodge a disagreeable job like a cat dodges water. It was she who saw to it that we had music and dances between the acts. It was she who made the fairies costume. She who helped plan the circuses. She had a hand in every little thing. She phoned for everybody who asked her. It was impossible to get anybody to sweat over that hot stove, so she had to persuade the housekeeper of the Home, Mrs. Peterson, to prepare three huge meals for the ravenous horde. Just because she is our matron, some of us conceive the naive idea she is a combination slavey-janitor roustabout. Wrong, all wrong. She was hired to look after the Home, not to provide the funds for its up-keep. She deserves just as much credit for the success of the Bazaar as do Mrs. Frank and Mrs. McCann. And just because you are a conceited, pig-headed Irishman, I bet you won't give her any credit," says Frieda. And just to show that know-it-all wife of mine that I am not pig-headed, drat her, I'll do it.

Didja ever hear of a wallowing, wall-eyed wallaby answering to the name of John Henry Mueller? A whimsical man-mountain with the mental equipment of a college professor, and the nerve of a book-agent? The bimbo whose writings sometimes appear in the public prints—when the printer's devil foolishly forgets to let his copy blow out of the window. Genius, home, habitat, Louisville; disposition depends on whether you want to crack jokes with him, or want to borrow his money. Well, that wallowing wallaby comes to bat with the following epistle, accompanied by a check for two simoleons (\$2.00)—and, wonder of wonders, the check was promptly cashed by a critical cashier, hence it must be good!

Writes Johnnie: "Dear Jimmie: I gather from a remark made by Bobbie Kannapell that your better half is giving some sort of a show for the benefit of the antiquated and decrepit deaf of your adopted State. May I not, as one interested in all things affecting the welfare of the deaf, send in a little check? Not much, but it will feed one inmate at least one day. Kentucky is just starting a home of our own, and we are going to make even Ohio take a back seat when we are done with it. If you meet any former Kentuckians, tell 'em about the Kentucky home—and assure them that they need not be bashful about sending in their tithes; every little bit is welcome, and needed. Fraternally, J. H. Mueller."

Mrs. Meagher is a crook. She took that check from Mueller, and docked me ten cents for endorsing it. She then persuaded the Henrys, Woodruffs, Roberts, Boltz' and Barrows to endorse

it also—at five cents per endorsement—a total of 65 cents. (Puzzle: Does Mueller get credit for a donation of \$2.65, on an investment of \$2, or what?) This Frenzied Finance is too much for "pig-headed Irishmen."

Mrs. Meagher's "Remembrance Booth" had a sign listing sixteen "former Chicagoans worth remembering—because they remember us." Mrs. Ward Small, of Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Edwin Hazel, of Omaha; Miss Annie Reiter, of St. Louis; the late Mrs. Mamie Sullivan's daughter; and the late Mrs. Angie Fuller Fisher's nephew each sent \$5. John Mueller, of Louisville, and Mrs. Carrie Meagher, of Bellevue, (both Kentuckians) each sent \$2—total cash donations of \$28. Former Supt. S. Teft Walker, now of San Burno, Cal.; Miss Edith Dees, of San Burno, Cal.; Mrs. Mike Sullivan, of San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Lydia McNeil Wondrack, of Akron; Sol Henoch, of LaPorte, Ind.; Mrs. Duncan Cameron, of Delavan, Wis.; Miss Nellie Lindsay, of Toledo, O.; Miss Virginia Dries, of Peoria; and a Chicago deaf-blind lady, Mrs. Kate Kimmeling, all sent various donations, which were sold or raffled. Not only the posted names, but the geographical range came in for much comment by patrons of the Bazaar; the four from California especially.

Ann McGann is a wonderful ticket seller. She packed the auditorium of the Silent A. C., May 21st, when her "High Class Vaudeville" closed a successful annual bazaar for the benefit of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf. Estimated capacity 525—which at 35 cents per means \$183. Deducting some \$50 for rental of costumes, etc., the performance may well be called a success.

Doors open before 8. First comers hopped the seats: two ladies would commander an entire row of seven chairs and tell all comers they were reserved for their friends. The weather was 84—a record hot wave for the year—and there the crowd swelled until 8:52, when Nad President Arthur L. Roberts paced out and served as program-announcer, of the Overture. From then until 11:22—nearly two and a half hours—we sat and sweltered.

Ann McGann starred herself as promoter-artist-manager, and she did some good acting. But the newcomers seemed to catch the popular fancy—the public is always keen to see something NEW. Horace Perry and Mrs. Harry Leiter were easily the surprises of the evening, with Steve Cherry and Mrs. Edith McCarthy runners-up. Practically everyone in the cast performed creditably. The Devereaux lassies—four hearing girls aged 6 to 12—received a big hand. The program:

Dance	Marion Isbell
Highland Fling	Devereaux Dancers
CARMEN	
Carmen	Kit Leiter
Joan, her admirer	Ann McGann
Padre Manhen, his rival	Edna Carlson
Juanita, housemaid	Elva Korasek
Don Diego, an adventurer	Horace Perry
Irish Jig	Devereaux Dancers

IN FAIRYLAND

School girl	Carolina Hyman
Blue bird	Edna Carlson
Demon	Ann McGann
Fairies	B. Carlson, E. Perry and E. McGann

Carmen	Kit Leiter
Joan, her admirer	Ann McGann
Padre Manhen, his rival	Edna Carlson
Juanita, housemaid	Elva Korasek
Don Diego, an adventurer	Horace Perry
Irish Jig	Devereaux Dancers

MISS ANNIE STEIN INTENDS VISITING NEW YORK CITY SHORTLY, AND ASKS THIS COLUMN TO REQUEST THE HENRY FREYS, OR ANY OF THEIR FAMILY, TO KINDLY GET IN TOUCH WITH FRANCIS STEIN, 5741 PRINCETON AVENUE, CHICAGO.

NOTES.

On Tuesday a week ago, Mrs. A. C. Bachrach tendered a luncheon to Miss Bernice Newman, of Hollywood, Cal., and had ten ladies friends of hers as guest also to make the occasion more enjoyable.

Mr. Joseph Peters, who left for New York City, April, 1926, for Reno, and afterwards journeyed to Los Angeles, Cal., where he met many old time New Yorkers, who are now Los Angeles residents, returned to his parental home, Washington Heights, New York City, on Friday, May 27th. He was present at the Field Meet of the F. A. A., and was glad once more to meet so many of his friends.

Mr. Emil V. Hladik, of Akron, is preparing to move to Omaha, Neb. Their many friends regret they decided upon such a change.

The Akron deaf are busy finishing their plans for the State Convention there, and are expecting a big crowd from every corner of the state. We understand that the meetings are for delegates only, but the social affairs will be open to all.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Moreland, of Steubenville, are now the proud possessors of a home of their own. Mr. Moreland holds a responsible position in the county court house and Mrs. Moreland (Isabella Patterson) is at present as a copyist.

The reception honoring the new missioner, Rev. F. C. Smielau, at Trinity Parish House brought out a large crowd. He was accompanied by his charming daughter, Mrs. Ohlemacher called the gathering to order and introduced Miss Zell who welcomed Rev. Smielau to Columbus, on behalf of the deaf who are interested in but not members of his mission. Then Miss Lamson welcomed him on behalf of the mission. Later refreshments were served.

Saturday services were conducted at the Ohio Home for the residents who had longed wish to meet the new missioner.

The Sunday morning service at Trinity Parish House was well attended and all were greatly pleased with Rev. Smielau's delivery.

At 2:45 the Volley Ball was put in play.

At exactly three o'clock the 100-yard dash in two heats. The first heat was won by J. Kostyk; G. I. Harris, second. Winner's time 11 seconds.

Second heat—Won by F. Heintz; S. Forman, second. Time, 11 seconds.

The miniature circus followed, and for fifteen minutes the performers kept the spectators in good humor, especially the children of deaf parents, who were this year

more numerous than on previous years.

The 220 yards run followed, and was won by J. Kostyk and J. Heintz a close second. 27 3-10 s.

The 440 yards walk was won by P. LaBarca; Pat Prevette, who was the pace maker, was second. This was a very good race. Time, 1 m., 57 s.

A nail driving contest for ladies followed. Three ice cream cones were given to the winners.

The final heat in the 100 dash came next, but Dr. Fox, the field judge thought it a dead heat, and ordered it run again.

The bicycle race this year had half dozen starters, but as usual the Marshalls won. E. Marshall, still a student at Fanwood, won, and his dad, L. Marshall, now past the half century mark, was second.

The newest Tango by Misses M. Wood, R. DeGuglielmo, M. Adelman and L. Wheeler, and latest Charleston by Misses M. Wood, R. DeGuglielmo and M. Adelman was at the conclusion applauded, as these young Misses excuted these dances so prettily, winning the admiration of all.

The 880 yards relay race had four entries. It was won by the Fanwood first team, comprised of Cadets Garrick, Harris, Kostyk and Heintz.

The Margraf team won second place. The team comprised of Forman, Lander, Blend (Capt.) and Schurman.

The winning team's time was 1 minute and 53 seconds.

In the base ball target contest only one was able to throw a ball through a barrel about 20 yards distant. He was Irving Blumenthal, He got a free ice cream cone.

The One-mile run was won by A. Manning, H. Carroll was second. The winners time was 5 m. 30 s.

The final heat in the 100 yds was next run off, and was won by F. Heintz; G. Harris was second. The winner's time was 11 seconds flat.

The exhibition in the Pole Vault by Cadet Garrick and two youngsters, one only 13 years old, was perhaps one of the chief features of the day. They cleared at 10 feet, and can do much better. These little boys, Vincent Sherman and Ivan Bell, if properly developed in the coming years may become world champions.

Ice cream cones, lemonade and fudge was for sale, and kept several of the boys busy all the afternoon disposing these. The fudge was made by the girls of the Barrager Athletic Association.

The medals, which were made by Charles Sanford, were presented to the winners at the conclusion of the games by Principal I. B. Gardner, who by virtue of his office is President of the games.

Mr. Electra Grout, who left Chicago twelve years ago, is spending the summer here with her son.

Miss Annie Stein intends visiting New York City shortly, and asks this column to request the Henry Freys, or any of their family, to kindly get in touch with Francis Stein, 5741 Princeton Avenue, Chicago.

Dates ahead: June 4—Opposite Sex party, Sac. 11—Bunco and 500 at both Sac. and Pas. 18—Strawberry Festival, Pas.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

FANWOOD

THE FANWOOD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

MONDAY, MAY 27TH, 1927.

BY J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

IN THE NINETIES

IN OLD VIRGINIA

COMIN' THRU THE RYE

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IN THE NINETIES

INSURANCE WILL MAKE YOU SAVE

How about a little Life Insurance? You know, the kind that comes back to you. You see, you place yourself under obligation for a small amount each year, which you hardly miss from your income, and after the policy is started, you hate to give it up. First thing you know you've got a bank-roll that never would have existed for you in any way.

And think of the protection you've been getting all the while!

No discrimination against deaf-mutes.

No charge for medical examination.

For full information and rates on your age write to—

MARCUS L. KENNER
Eastern Special Agent

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
200 West 111th Street, New York.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. FREDWALD, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Room 403—117 West 46th St., New York

OBJECTS.—To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 107 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms—open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant

Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M. Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St. Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan. Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

Headquarters for Frats stopping in the city. on the way to Denver.

Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its Social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. Clarence Basden, President; Willie Hill, Secretary 220 Chauncey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET,
CHICAGO

Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club. State Meetings . . . First Saturdays Chester C. Codman, President Frank A. Johnson, acting President Mrs. Wm. McGann, Secretary 816 Edgecomb Place

Literary Circle . . . Fourth Saturdays

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions . . . Second and Third Saturdays

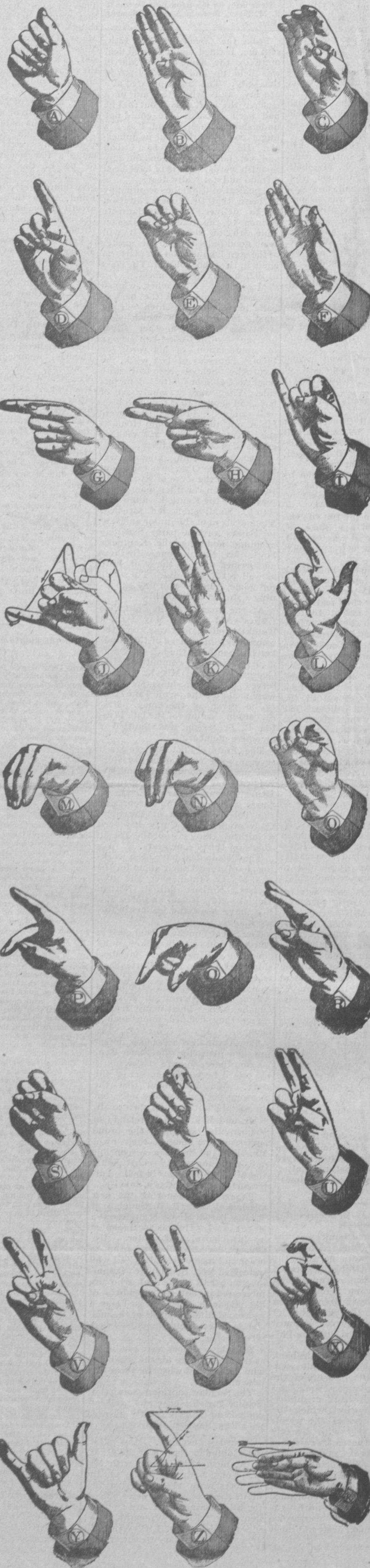
Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Albert Kroekel (deaf-mute)

703 Campe St., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Sawing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices. Call and See or Order by mail.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Official Special Train

TO THE

DENVER CONVENTION—1927

GOING (SCHEDULE "A")
Lv. Chicago 11:00 pm. Burlington Route July 9
Ar. Denver 6:30 am. Burlington Route July 11

RETURNING (SCHEDULE "C")
Lv. Denver 2:00 am. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
Ar. Colorado Springs 5:30 am. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
(Sleepers parked for occupancy at Denver at 10:00 p.m. July 15
must be occupied until 7:00 a.m. at Colorado Springs)

LV. COLORADO SPRINGS 6:30 pm. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
Ar. Denver 8:50 pm. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
Lv. Denver 11:30 pm. Burlington Route July 16
Ar. Chicago 7:00 am. Burlington Route July 18

PULLMAN FARES: Lower Upper Compartment Drawing Room
Chicago to Denver \$10.88 \$8.70 \$30.75 \$39.00
Denver to Chicago \$13.38 \$10.70 \$37.75 \$48.00
(Schedule B)
Denver to Chicago \$10.88 \$8.70 \$30.75 \$39.00
(Schedule C)

Returning via Schedule "B," N. F. S. D. special will make a one-day side trip to Colorado Springs. Auto trips to Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, etc., have been arranged. Expense, including breakfast and luncheon, automobile trips, etc., while at Colorado Springs, \$11.85 per person.

Schedule "C" has been arranged for those who do not desire to include Colorado Springs, but who must return immediately following the close of the convention. For reservations, write your Division Secretary. State your preference of route B or C, returning. Do it now, please! Further information may be had from the undersigned.

Burlington
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Burlington
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DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.
November 12, 1927.

RESERVED

November 19, 1927

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO 87
N. F. S. D.

(Particulars later)

Come One Come All

HAPPY HOUR SOCIAL

to be given by the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

For the benefit of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church Building Fund

at

IMMANUEL HALL

177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, June 18, 1927

New Games Offered. Excellent Prizes Given

Admission - 35 Cents

Including refreshments and novelties

COMMITTEE
Walter Weinstein, Chairman; C. Petersen, Ben Ash, Ehrlich Berg, K. Christgau, C. Hagerman, Mrs. C. Berg, John Nesgood.

Directions—Take Lexington Ave or 7th Ave. Subway to 177th St. Station and take trolley marked "Unionport. Get off at Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues, thence to the Casino."

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

CONVENTION FUND

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927

AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING

310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.
New York City

TICKET 50 CENTS

Refreshments

Old Witch & Hallowe'en Dance

under auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

D. S. TURN HALL
412 East 158th Street
Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, October 29, 1927

Refreshments and prizes

TICKETS - - - 50 cents

Directions—Take Lexington or 7th Ave. Subway to East 149th St. Transfer to 3d Ave. Elevated and get off at East 156th St. Walk two blocks north and two blocks west.

\$30 IN PRIZES FOR BOWLING \$30

PICNIC, GAMES AND BEAUTY CONTEST

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92, N. F. S. D.

at

HOFFMANN'S CASINO
Corner Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues
Unionport, Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday afternoon and evening, July 23, 1927

Music Par Excellence

Admission, 50 Cents

BEAUTY CONTEST

Three Silver Loving Cups to the Most Voted Beauty.
Two Silver Loving Cups to the Best Waltz Dancers.

JOSEPH GRAHAM, chairman.
MATTHEW BLAKE, vice-chairman.

ALBERT LAZAR, secretary.
FRED BERGER, treasurer.

Directions—Take Lexington Ave or 7th Ave. Subway to 177th St. Station and take trolley marked "Unionport. Get off at Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues, thence to the Casino."

MONSTER BENEFIT DANCE

held under the auspices of

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D.

and

NEW YORK COUNCIL No. 2, K. L. D.

at

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE
39 West 15th Street, New York

Saturday Evening, June 11, 1927, at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION - FIFTY CENTS

Proceeds to be used to purchase an artificial leg for an unfortunate brother, whose right leg is amputated.

1892 1927

35th ANNIVERSARY

of the

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

and celebration in memory of Dr.

Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday

Saturday evening, June 4, 1927

at the

Chapel of the Messiah

Green and Clermont Aves., Brooklyn

Gates Ave. car stops at the door

ADMISSION . THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

Including refreshments

Come and bring your friends

COMMITTEE

Mrs. Toohey, Chairman, Mrs. Harry Liebsohn, Mrs. S. Dyer, Miss Gladys Williams, Messrs. A. McLaren, Allan Hitchcock and Ira Poorman.

Refreshments Served

B. ASH, Chairman.

Better than ever!

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

THE LUTHERAN GUILD

to be held on

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4,